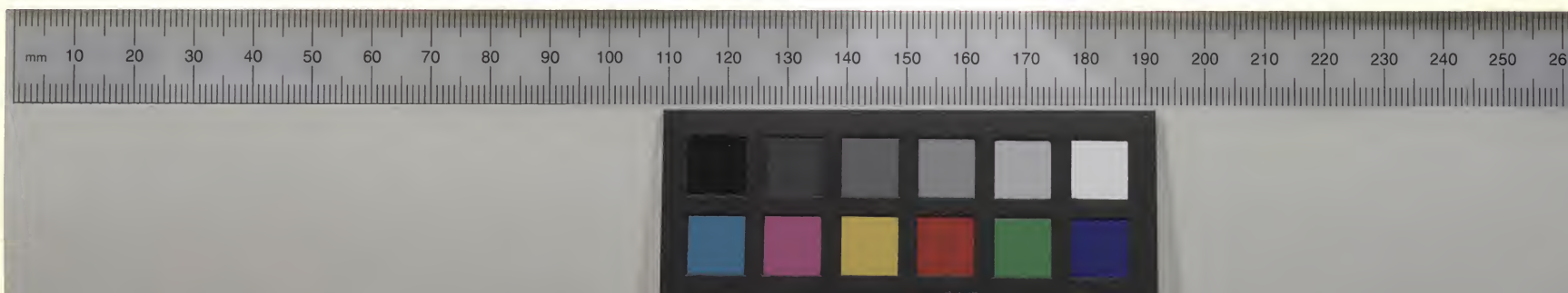
Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What and from *Troylus* to?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Creff. Is't poſſible?
Troy. And ſuddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iuſtles roughly by:
All time of pauſe: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embraſures, ſtrangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with ſo many thouſand ſighes,
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues:
With the rude breuity, and diſcharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers haſt,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be ſtarres in heauen.
With diſtinct breath, and conſignde kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adewe:
And skants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken teares.
Æneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, ſome ſay the *Genius*
Cries ſo to him that inſtantly muſt die,
Bid them haue pacience ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Creſſ. I muſt then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Creſſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry Greekes,
When ſhall we ſee againe.
Troy. Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I ſpeake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himſelfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true ſay I to faſhion in,

My

My ſequent proteſtation, bee thou true, and I will ſee thee.
Cref. Oh you ſhalbe expoſ'd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent: but ile be true.
Troy. And ile grow friend with danger, were this ſleeue,
Cref. And you this gloue, when ſhall I ſee you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
To giue thee nightly viſitation, but yet be true.
Cref. Oh heauens be true againe?
Troy. Here why I ſpeake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And ſwelling ore with arts and excerciſe:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of Godly iealouſie,
(Which I beſeech you cal a vertuous ſinne,)
Makes me afeard.
Cref. Oh heauens you loue mee not!
Troy. Die I a villaine then,
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion:
So mainely as my merit. I cannot ſing
Nor heele the high lauolt, nor ſweeten talke,
Nor play at ſubtill games, faire vertues all:
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe:
There lurkes a ſtill, and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell
That tempts moſt cunningly, but be not tempted.
Cref. Do you thinke I will?
Troy. No, but ſomthing may be done that we will not,
And ſometimes we are diuells to our ſelues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potency.
Eneas within. Nay good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither?
And bring *Eneas* and the Grecian with you.
Cref. My Lord will you be true?
Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,

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